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WILL BE PUBLISHED

On Thursday Morning, December 30th.

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LIVING MEN OF LETTERS.—Tennyson, Trollope, Swinburne, Mark Lemon, Lord Lytton, and Charles Lever.

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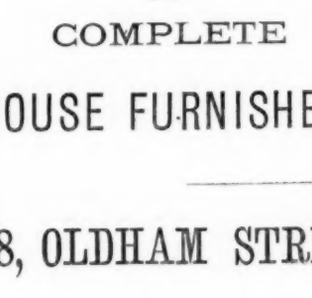

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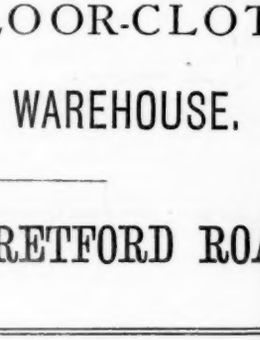

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TENNYSON'S NEW POEMS.

THE foremost poet of England has now been before the public for forty years, but he has only owned an enormous popularity for ten. During that time, one fourth of his career, he has been pestered with the admiration of young ladies, and has risen from *doulia*, a state of reverence in the minds of his admirers, to that of *hyperdoulia*, or a state of worship. It is fair to state that we have barely arrived at the first state, and resent the extravagance of the second; not because we do not love Tennyson, but because we love justice more, and are sorry to find nobler poets forgotten, and their fame overlaid, by the extravagant notoriety of the present Laureate.

But there are signs that Tennyson has reached his culmination. Mr. Alfred Austin, himself no mean poet, has handled the Laureate very freely in *Temple Bar*, in a remarkable series of papers, which we hope to see republished; and in our own columns a more cautious estimate of the poet's powers has been made than is usually accorded to him. Let us own frankly that these powers are very great, have been exercised with reticence and an exceeding modesty, and, all-in-all, is this in worthiness, that Tennyson has never written "a line which dying he could wish to blot;" that having received "the laurel purer from the brows of him who uttered nothing base," he has certainly not added to the intense purity of Wordsworth, but he has worn the crown without one spot or one "smirch" of soil upon it. All honour to him for this. As a poet he may not be greatest, but as a man he is certainly among the best—that is in the effect he has had on the world by his writings.

We have said that he has reached his culmination, and we think the present little volume will prove it. That is no reason why it should not have a large and increasing sale. Mr. Dickens's powers are certainly on the wane; as certainly anything he writes would now sell with greater vigour than ever. The popularity, as regards sale, of the *Surgeon's Daughter*, exceeded that of *Waverley* or *Quentin Durward*. But to our subject.

Here is the little book,* in green cloth, of 222 pages of loose print, price seven shillings. The book is upon an obscure subject, treated mystically, dallying with faith, pictorial religion, knightly and armour-clad courage, manhood of force and prowess, not philosophically but mystically looked at; reducing the mind to an old condition, not leading it to a new, referring our thoughts to old modes of faith and old heroisms, peopling the mind with *rococo* ideas (gothic, with a touch of the renaissance, like furniture of a spurious type, yet lovely in form and pure in design); and this poem is so eagerly seized upon by the public that the booksellers secure at once and by anticipation 30,000 copies. Now, 30,000 copies should, at a moderate computation of four to each volume, give 120,000 readers; and in some slight way Tennyson will, in these ensuing weeks, through reviews and reproduction, enter into the minds and hearts of some million or two of readers. That is a great power.

* *The Holy Grail and Other Poems*, by Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. London, 1870.

It will be unfair to judge the poet by this book, which we boldly pronounce a failure, because it is a bit of a book, or bits of a book—parts of a grand poem which he has been meditating all his life, and part of which he published thirty years ago, and which was written, possibly, nearly forty years since. The part published in 1842 is the *Morte D'Arthur*, and is perhaps the very finest portion of the epic. In 1859, he published a wonderfully fine continuation of this epic in four idylls, *Enid*, *Vivien*, *Elaine*, and *Guinevere;* and now, in a volume dated 1870, he gives us the completed poem, properly arranged, in the new ten-volume edition, thus:—The Coming of Arthur (the Round Table); 1, Geraint and Enid; 2, Merlin and Vivien; 3, Launcelot and Elaine; 4, The Holy Grail; 5, Pelleas and Ettarre; 6, Guinevere.—The Passing of Arthur. This last, he tells us in a note, is here connected (there are nearly thirty pages of reprint) in accordance with an early poem of the author's. Those who have their Tennysons bound should, therefore, incorporate the idylls as marked. As Tennyson is not an original genius, and took his *Dora* from Miss Mitford's prose pastorals, and *Lady Clare* from the novel of the *Inheritance*, which he has clearly as much a right to do as Shakespere had to steal all his plots, so the idylls are not original, but taken from Sir Thomas Mallory's *King Arthur*, one of the books printed by Caxton, where are all Tennyson's idylls and a hundred more, told not without a beautiful merit and rough pathos of their own. Those which particularly concern us are, then, the Holy Grail, the Coming of Arthur, and Pelleas and Ettarre (the *re* is silent), none of which are at all equal to Tennyson's best work. For, while Mallory's story strikes you as modern, human, humourous even, Tennyson, with great art, has cut out all the humour, and given a weird, antique, and very distant appearance to his legends. Take, for instance, this old, very old, picture of Arthur's hall at Camelot:—

> O brother, had you known our mighty hall,
> Which Merlin built for Arthur long ago!
> For all the sacred mount of Camelot,
> And all the dim rich city, roof by roof,
> Tower after tower, spire beyond spire,
> By grove and garden-lawn, and rushing brook,
> Climbs to the mighty hall that Merlin built.
> And four great zones of sculpture set betwixt,
> With many a mystic symbol, gird the hall;
> And in the lowest beasts are slaying men,
> And in the second men are slaying beasts,
> And on the third are warriors, perfect men,
> And on the fourth are men with growing wings,
> And over all one statue in the mould
> Of Arthur, made by Merlin, with a crown,
> And peakèd wings pointed to the northern star,
> And eastward fronts the statue: the crown
> And both the wings are made of gold, and flame
> At sunrise, till the people in far fields,
> Wasted so often by the heathen hordes,
> Behold it, crying, "We have still a king!"

This is clearly due to Sir Thomas Mallory, and it is much more *antique* than Mallony's prose. The *Coming of Arthur* has only this merit, that it rounds off, as it were, and completes the story of his relations with Guinevere; and its effect will be better appreciated by one who reads the epic for the first time than by those who made acquaintance with the fragments of ten years ago. For these it is tame and monotonous, and what is related is hardly worth knowing. There is much more stuff in *The Holy Grail*, the second idyll. The very beginning has a majestic march—

> From noiseful arms, and acts of prowess done
> In tournament or tilt, Sir Percivale,
> Whom Arthur and his Table called The Pure,
> Had pass'd into the silent life of prayer,
> Praise, fast and alms.

This knight, urged by Ambrosius, a brother monk, relates the story of the search for the Holy Grail, a cup made of

one huge emerald, which our friends the legendary monks tell us the Saviour drank at the Last Supper, leaving some wine in it. Whoso finds this must be pure indeed. How many knights attempt and fail; how King Arthur warns his knights that in this quest many shall fail; how the knights determine, each one after his own fashion, to go through the dangers and the dread trials they encounter, may be read in this idyll. The next, *Pelleas and Ettarre*, is a perfect little story of a young knight and a scornful lady, well told, but not very pathetic, and certainly inferior to *Elaine* or *Guinevere*. The *Passing of Arthur* is the old noble *Morte d'Arthur* refurbished. The reader has an old lamp for a new one, and this old lamp is much better. Then, too, there is a new Northern Farmer, *not* so good as the first, but wonderfully clever; a new story from Boccaccio, the Higher Pantheism, the Victim, sundry mystic verses, and Lucretius, well known before, and the book ends. Most readers will be sorely disappointed with it; the book-making is too apparent.

Let us here select one or two noble single lines and passages which will become quotations:—

Or what
Her all but utter whiteness held for sin.

Chatterers they,
Like birds of passage piping up and down,
That gape for flies.

For we that want *the warmth of double life.*

For large her violet eyes look'd, and her bloom
A rosy dawn kindled in stainless heavens.

Women of his isles,
Rough wives, that laugh'd and scream'd against the gulls,
Makers of nets, and living by the sea.

And let us also extract some fine lines printed before in one of the magazines, and we have done. We are glad the Laureate has omitted "I stood on a tower in the wet." These, however, that he has given are as noble as any that he has ever written:—

WAGES.

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost in an endless sea—
Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—
Nay, but she aimed not at glory, no lover of glory she:
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

The wages of sin is death; if the wages of Virtue be dust,
Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm or the fly?
She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky:
Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

The publication so long delayed, so hopefully looked for, is, it seems to us, the most serious note of decay which Tennyson has struck. Henceforward he will go no higher. This is to be regretted, but it is a fact. Shakespere, at fifty-two, had just given us his *Lear* and his *Tempest*, his grandest works, and, for aught we know, had meditated more. He was at least in his fullest vigour. The more compact and sugar-sweet Tennyson, the smaller and more finished modern singer, has not body enough in him to keep himself sound; the little speck in the sweet garnered fruit seems to us to indicate decay. Had this volume been that of an unknown poet, it would have attracted little notice. As it is, it will live with Tennyson's works, and be reprinted for eyes that will pass as coldly over it as we do now over the classic tragedies by Dr. Young, or the Latin and elegiac poems of John Milton—they not being those that have contributed one iota to the fame of either.

Dr. Johnson was observed by a musical friend of his to be very inattentive at a concert while a celebrated solo player was giving an extraordinary performance upon his violin. His friend, to induce him to take greater notice of what was going on, told him how extremely difficult it was. "Difficult, do you call it, sir?" replied the doctor, "I wish it were impossible."

THE TWA SCOTS.

THE London correspondent of a Scottish newspaper writes that, St. Andrew's Day, two north countrymen, resident in the sou intended to be present at the festival of the society to which th belonged, but missed the train. Nothing daunted, they returned to t hotel, where they engaged the largest room, and had the largest tab set out with a cover at each end. Having constituted themselves in a society, they deliberately went through the programme as if a lar company had been present. Something of the same kind occurred Manchester. Two enthusiastic Scots, who had no invitation to a pub dinner in honour of the patron saint, determined to dine together; their own words, to "hae a wee bit denner to themselves." Bef dining, they devoted themselves to several national pastimes. Fir they had a game at quoits; then they went to Kersal Moor, and play golf. Afterwards, they adjourned to a pond which was frozen over, a played a game at curling on the ice, solemnly partaking of a few dra of whisky, according to custom. Then they attended an afterno exhibition of the Scotch diorama in Peter Street, by way of getting a due amount of national steam. Having applauded Mr. McGrego singing until they were nearly black in the face, they adjourned, and p on as much tartan as they could scrape up.

The dinner took place at the lodgings of one of the enthusiasts. T company consisted entirely of themselves. The landlady was Scotc so also was the waiting-maid. A red-headed, hairy-legged Scotchma in kilts, from Ancoats Lane, was engaged, and played national airs t the bagpipes, in an adjoining apartment, during the repast. The dinn was composed entirely of Scotch dishes, and the liquors supplied Scotch wine and spirit merchants, whose healths were proposed afte wards. Having said grace, which lasted nearly ten minutes, the com pany set to work, and did ample justice to the viands before the When the cloth was removed, as the saying is, the health of Her Majes was proposed and drank with all the honours, "hip hips and hu hechs" included. This was followed by The Prince and Princess Wales, The Army and Navy, and the usual routine of toasts. Havi exhausted these, in glowing terms and flowing bumpers, they toast Bonnie Scotland, the piper playing "Scotland Yet" in grand styl This was succeeded by The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns, dra in solemn silence, succeeded by the air of "There's nae bird in natu since Robin's awa." They then proposed each other's healths in ne and appropriate speeches, addressing each other as Mr. Chairman an Mr. Vice. This over, the tables were cleared, the landlady and waiting maid were brought in, and the piper from the next room, and they we through a variety of national dances, including the sword dance, th reel of Tullochgorum, the Highland fling, and others, the piper all th while pacing round and round the room, or "marking time" in a corn and blowing as if he would burst himself. The evening was enliven by a number of recitations and songs, including "Tam O'Shante "Address to a Haggis," "John Barleycorn," "Willie brewed a pe o' maut," "John Anderson, my Jo," and "The Laird o' Cockpe After singing the following version of Auld Lang Syne, the compa broke up at a late hour, the chairman insisting upon seeing the vi chairman home, accompanied by the piper, but whether it was ow to the sudden change into the fresh air, or the potency of the potatio or the effects of the pipes, we cannot say, but they all landed in Hang Ditch!

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And frien's forget to dine,
Should we forget to boil the pot
For auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my frien',
For auld lang syne;
We'll hae a wee bit denner yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae quaff'd our usquebaugh,
And George Macgowan's wine;
And Ivie Mackie's punch hae brewed,
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae prais'd our Rabbie Burns,
And quoted mony a line
O' Tam o' Shanter, Halloween,
And auld lang syne.

Then here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And come wi' me to dine,
On sonsie haggis, guid sheep's head,
And cock-a-leekie fine.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
As sure as I'll be mine;
We'll drink to richt guid Wullie Gibb,
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my frien',
For auld lang syne;
We'll hae a wee bit denner yet,
For auld lang syne.

CHRISTMAS PHOTOGRAMS.

CHRISTMAS Eve, 1869. Time, six o'clock. Scene the first, our church, with our curate and a select band of young ladies putting the finishing strokes to our Christmas decorations. We, at St. David's, be it known, are a *leetle* tiny bit "High," and our curate has just hung up a cross of white chrysanthemums in the centre panel of the pulpit, and has fallen back a few paces to criticise the effect. The two Miss Simpkinsons, and several other sweet young creatures, have also fallen back for the same purpose. Our curate says he thinks "it (the cross) will do." Miss Eliza Simpkinson, who *did'nt* make it, remarks, "Oh, yes, charming! But please, Mr. Finfin, do come and help me with the font. I want you to show me how to arrange those ferns, and it is getting so late, I know I never shall have finished before service." Our curate, whose work throughout the day has been in the superintending and chatting line, more ornamental than useful, goes off in Miss Eliza's wake, like a white chokered lamb, and gushes over the font for the next quarter of an hour, in a mild and amiable manner. Miss Jones, meanwhile, who *did* make the cross, and expected more attention and glory thereby, feels a blight upon her spirits, discovers all at once that she is wofully tired, and goes home in a generally dilapidated condition. Miss Thompson, who is scarcely pretty, is scarcely young, and who has been banished, like a second Hagar, into the wilderness of a side-aisle, where she has been sticking holly about the lamps for the benefit of the free-sitters—Miss Thompson, whom the curate has neglected in a most shameful fashion, and who has the longest tongue and quickest eye in the whole congregation—relates confidentially to a dozen equally reticent friends, in the course of the next twenty-four hours, what very marked attentions Mr. Finfin paid to Miss Eliza Simpkinson. The poor, innocent young man gets snubbed for three weeks by the Jones' family, and teazed about Miss Eliza until life becomes a burden, and he privately confides to a bosom friend of his own sex and profession, that he wishes the Christmas decorations were at Jericho—the nearest approach to naughty words which he can use with propriety. N.B. He has been engaged for six years to the seventh daughter of a poor vicar in the south (tell it not at St. David's); and the wedding may be expected, under existent circumstances, some time about the millennium.

Shift the camera a little. Seven p.m.! Goodness! what a crush! Surely the gallery can hold no more! And yet in they come. Everybody *must* hear the *Messiah*, at Christmas. Such a band, and such a chorus! And where in the world such another conductor? And here, in the second row, in spruce Sunday clothes, and looking quite the gentleman, sits Mr. Timothy Tacks, overlooker at Grabham's (Grabham, Twist and Co.'s smallware and elastic works, Harpurhey), and Jennie Tacks, his eldest daughter, by his side, and Samuel Blockey, her "young man," on the other side of her again. Samuel has paid for three tickets, and, moreover, bought Jennie a lovely brooch, and Jennie's mamma a red and white "cross-over," and Jennie's papa half a dozen cigars in a straw case; and so here they all three are, and Samuel has full permission to pay open and marked attention to his Jennie throughout the evening, without let or hindrance, Mr. Tacks not simply looking the other way, but smiling approval, and encouraging Samuel by sundry broad jokes, which cause Miss Jennie to blush and bid "Father" to have done with his nonsense. Meanwhile, Mrs. Tacks, who is naturally somewhat sharp in temper, but to-night in high good humour under the influence of the "cross-over," is bargaining and holding wordy war at Shudehill Market, over a fine turkey which is destined to feed the house of Tacks to-morrow, and sundry minor dainties which are to gladden the eyes of the concert party when the *Messiah* is over. A rare cook is Mrs. Tacks, and well may Tacks give her a smacking kiss, as he enters the kitchen, and vow that no one can come up to his missus for a good feed. There is a great dish-full of stewed steak and sausages, and there is a potato pie, and tripe and onions, and an apple tart, and lots of mince pies, and a mountain of cheese, with a stick or two of celery to give it a relish, and a jug of beer as big as a foot-bath. This evening will bring Samuel and Jennie's wedding day at least six months nearer, and Jennie thinks, as she disrobes herself at an alarmingly late, or rather early, hour, that a warm supper on Christmas Eve, after going to the *Messiah*, is the nearest approach to paradise which mortals can enjoy on earth.

Eight p.m. "Ladies and gentlemen, one toast, if you please. We will drink to a Merry Christmas." It is Mr. Grabham who speaks, and Mr. Grabham stands at the head of his long silver and glass covered table, with a double line of merry faces, responding to his toast. They have just finished dinner. Quite a family party, and now the young ones—offspring of the race of Grabham, cousins, and one or two of the Twist olive branches—are going to act charades, and play round games, and dance dances, round and square, in the drawing room, while old Grabham, and his partner Twist, and a few more ancient fogies, drink "the last bottle but two, sir, of the '47," and toast their feet at the dining room fire, which blazes bright and high, as if in special honour of dear old jovial Christmas. They will join the young folks presently, and there will be high jinks. Old Grabham, usually as crusty as his own port, does "flirtation" in the first set like a revolving elephant, old Twist takes Mrs. Grabham, with antique gallantry, and actually winks at her spouse as he salutes her—a wink which nearly costs him a crease in his white waistcoat. Old Jawkins, Mrs. Grabham's brother, sings a comic song, in no particular tune or time, but answering its purpose, in that the young folks split their sides, and the youngest Grabham goes purple in the face, and has to be slapped and shaken into a proper colour again. Later on, Mr. Finfin makes his appearance, service being happily ended, and the church left to the care of the charwomen, who, poor things, will spend their Christmas Eve in clearing away "them bothersome greens," which the ladies have strewn so plentifully over aisles and chancel. The very starch in our curate's choker dissolves after half an hour at Grabham's. He forgets the fatigues of decorating, his clerical dignity, Miss Eliza Simpkinson, yea, even, we fear, the adored object some two hundred miles away, and plunges into dissipation in a lay and reckless manner. He plays speculation and Pope at a penny a dozen, he tells old college jokes, perfectly redolent of wickedness, and even divulges the fact that he once could brew bishop, whereupon he is bound down to try again, and does so with perfect success in the course of the evening. He stands up in a quadrille, and gets through it with only about one blunder to a figure; he contrives to get the second Miss Grabham under the mistletoe, flushing himself a great deal more than the young lady, who would scarcely mind a continuous salute from the whole clergy—not to say army—list, provided certain conditions were attached as to age and looks. And when he goes home to his lodgings and to-morrow's sermon, after seeing Christmas fairly in, and a supper of game and oysters, he has a dim consciousness of having promised and vowed to accompany the whole tribe of Grabham to the Pantomime. However, there are worse things than pantomimes, and the clerical starch is none the less honoured for a little relaxation at Christmas-tide.

Just at the moment when Mr. Finfin is fumbling for his latch-key—a perfectly unnecessary operation, seeing that his landlady is up and making merry with her spouse—poor Mrs. Drudge is standing with her apron over her head and shivering with cold, waiting for her lord and master, who has been keeping Christmas Eve after the usual fashion of most eves, at the Spotted Cow. There has been a grand raffle to-night for a turkey, and a pair of fowls, and a sucking pig. Sixpence a-head, and a special programme of songs, nigger melodies, clog dances, break-downs, and comicalities, by a talented troupe of artistes, known to public(house) fame. Drudge has taken a ticket, and more sixpences than Mrs. Drudge has seen all week, to this scene of fascination, and Drudge and his sixpences are there yet. The sixpences will remain on the premises, but it is twelve o'clock, and Drudge is turned out, full of spiced beer and in a maudlin state of drunkenness, to find his way back

to the bosom of his family. As for the turkey and fowls and pig, they have gone elsewhere, and Drudge, changing from the maudlin to ferocious stage of fuddledom, as the cold air greets him outside the door of the Spotted Cow, bethinks him of the wasted sixpence, which might just as well have been turned into spiced ale, and pants for something or somebody on which to wreak his disappointment. What or who can be handier than Mrs. Drudge? What did Providence give him an encumbrance, yclept a wife, for, except as a merciful provision for such occasions as this. But "hush—hush—for pity's sake, Joe—'Lisbeth's so poorly again, and I've sent for th' doctor, and her cough's awful. *Do* hush, Joe, and get to bed quietly, for she'll break her heart, if she thinks aught's wrong." And the dry, hacking, convulsive coughs, which come, as an echo, even to the door, where the drunken man is trying to steady himself, in front of his tearful and beseeching wife, need no comment. It is Joe's daughter who is coughing upstairs, and Joe will soon have no daughter to cough, and sit in painful agony on her rough, scantily-furnished bed, waiting for "father" to come home, and "mother" to be comforted.

Here come the bells, with their joyous chime, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men." Close the camera. The morning breaks. It is Christmas Day, and our task is over.

ELECTION OF ALDERMAN.

BY the time this number is in the hands of our readers, a new alderman will have been elected to fill the place of the late Mr. Alderman Crewdson. Nevertheless, we think the following account of a sort of caucus that seems to have been held prior to the council meeting—which we are enabled to publish by the kindness of that member of the corporation who occasionally obliges the papers with reports of its private meetings—will not be wholly without interest to our readers.

The MAYOR—who had just returned from Egypt—rose and said, it gave him wonder great as his content—as Victor Hugo remarked in yesterday's *Times*—no—as Shakespere remarked in yesterday's *Othello*—he meant, as Othello remarked in the *Moor of Venice*. They must please allow him to begin again. It gave him wonder great as his content—as Shakespere remarked in *Othello*—to think that the horrors of the sea passage were now safely over. And he had loved thee, Ocean—as Byron observed in—in—he really forgot what, but he rather thought it was his new play of *Uncle Dick's Darling*—And he had loved thee, Ocean—but that was when he was upon dry land, and a very long time ago. He had now survived the follies of his youth, and he didn't love thee, Ocean, any longer. It had always been an unrequited attachment, and he had now done with water altogether (groans from Mr. Councillor Thompson). However, with the exception of a slight difference with his food as to the way it should go, when on board the steamer, and a few trifling differences with the natives on the subject of backsheesh, when on *terra firma*—he had had a very pleasant little "out." He had brought back with him some crocodile's tears, but he did not mean to shed them upon that occasion. On the contrary, now that he was again amongst them, he preferred that his countenance should—as Victor Hugo—yes, that was the place where it it came in—as Victor Hugo said in yesterday's *Times*—"reflect the smile"—no, no—he begged their pardon—he remembered now—that was his lifeboat speech. However, the business they had met about was the election of a new alderman.

The names of Mr. Hopkinson and Mr. Woodward having severally been suggested,

Mr. Alderman BAKE proposed the elevation of Mr. Councillor Murray to the aldermanic dignity. He said, his horse—he meant, his man—was the best in the field. He was prepared to lay 2 camellias to 1 dandelion upon his pulling off the stakes, and 10 to 0 on his getting a place. He need not specify his qualifications. They were, principally, sweetness of temper and gentleness of mouth. He deemed him the flower of the council. So much so that he had once had some thoughts of wearing him in his button-hole. They would all remember one public occasion when Mr. Councillor Murray had conspicuously distinguished himself. He referred to the occassion when he boldly stood up before a howling mob, and when—in the beautiful words of the poet—"he put his thumb unto his"—

Mr. Councillor MURRAY protested that it was his pocket-handkerchief.

GHOST OF SIR JOSEPH HERON, from the neighbourhood of Rome (by special arrangement with Professor Pepper). Swear!

(At the voice of the ghost the mayor was observed to start violently, and mutter, "Oh, my prophetic soul! The town-clerk." One or two aldermen who had been laughing heartily and interspersing the proceedings with facetious comments suddenly subsided, and several of the councillors collapsed).

Mr. MURRAY again protested that it was his pocket-handkerchief he put "unto his nose."

GHOST (as before). Swear!

Mr. MURRAY said he wouldn't swear. He had a conscientious objection to the use of strong language.

GHOST. Swear!

Mr. Alderman WILLERT said nobody was happier to hear de voice of de ghost dan he was himself. He could not bear de play of *Hamlet* widout de ghost, and dat was what dey were playing when dey had a meeting widout de town-clerk. But he did hope de ghost would not incite de members of de council to de use of opprobious epidets. A ghost ought to know better. Certainly de town-clerk did. True, he had heard dat when people were at Rome dey did as Rome did; but he hoped dey did not do such naughty dings as dat at Rome, and if dey did, dat dey would not corrupt de morals of de town-clerk. He trusted dat de ghost would not persist in its request, or he for one would not call it before de curtain at de end.

On the remonstrance of the worthy alderman, the ghost withdrew to the Œcumenical Council.

At this point, several photographs of Mr. Murray in his famous posture of defiance to the multitude—taken on the spot by Mr. Mc Lachlan, for his gallery of municipal celebrities—were handed round by the supporters of Messrs. Hopkinson and Woodward, and elicited much laughter.

It was then proposed that a resolution should be passed by the council ordering the various provision dealers of the city to withdraw from their doors and windows the large quantities of bacon which about this season of the year they expose to view, as it was thought that the display could not be otherwise than offensive to Mr. Councillor Murray by reminding him of what had better be forgotten. The proposition had unfortunately to be withdrawn.

It being observed that Mr. Alderman Heywood—who had previously been immersed in the perusal of several volumes of Tacitus—was about to make a speech, the meeting somewhat rapidly broke up.

A vote of thanks was passed to the mayor, for the ability with which he had sat in the chair. In its proposal, attention was called to the beautiful poetical images with which, since his return from Egypt, he has enriched his rhetoric. In replying to the vote, the mayor accounted for this by saying that, bearing in mind a remark of Mrs. Malaprop's, he had picked up several allegories on the banks of the Nile.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

MASTER AND MAN.

WE learn from the *Scotsman* that "the marquis of Lorne's valet arrived (at Edinburgh) last week per English train, and proceeded per steamer Lochgoil, the Marquis having parted from him to reach Inverary by an earlier route." It is a matter of common notice that the groom always rides a better horse than his master. It is, we suppose, on this principle that the progress of the valet is circumstantially chronicled, while that of the marquis is cut off with a line of vague purport. Has the valet contributed the paragraph? And can it be our old friend Jeames?

MANCHESTER ARCHITECTURE: ST. STEPHEN'S, HULME.

At first sight and on first acquaintance, the new church of St. Stephen, City Road, Hulme, consecrated on Saturday last, appears to be one on which a fair amount of praise may be deservedly bestowed. The exterior is simple, warm and imposing, and the interior spacious, lofty and effective. In a few minutes, however, all the illusion vanishes, and

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The Mistletoe hangs in the Jones's hall; Mr Smith wonders for what purpose.

Miss Jones shews him.

After one or two trials,

he enters into the spirit of the thing,

arouses jealousy and envy, and —

meets with an alarming fate!

The Search, —

the Discovery, —

the Recompense!

THE MISTLETOE BEAU:

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.

Mrs Bobkins' Christmas Party begins to go off slowly.

Arrival of Tomkins.

Relief of every body.

General Engagement.

Private Engagement.

Miss Simpkins likes the good old English customs

Muffkins thinks they may be carried too far!

Vote of thanks to Tomkins!

Tomkins overwhelmed by Invitations.

MRS. BOBKIN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY.

abject weakness of detail thoroughly stifles any lingering regard that may be felt for a certain grandness of conception in the general design. As to style or period, St. Stephen's covers a wide, wide range. Beginning with First Pointed—if not Transitional—the building stretches through Middle and Third Pointed and debased Tudor, till, by slow lengths, it reaches the nondescript style of the present day. Except where arranged in pairs, no two windows are of the same architectural date. The quasi east windows is a medley, the west windows are ruthlessly simple and severe, the aisle windows are florid, the clerestory windows are one thing outside and another in. The arches again follow the same uncertain dance. Some are labelled, others are not. This labelling is equally eccentric as regards the windows. The stock mouldings with which the plaster arches were worked, have not suited the would-be novel caps which support them, and so they have had to be corbelled off in a very unsatisfactory manner. The nave is needlessly high, and the arches and their pillars are ridiculously stunted and clumsy. The wooden screens are cut in some places to make way for comparatively unimportant stonework, but where carved foliage stood in their way, it has been ruthlessly sacrificed. The pulpit is of rich material weakly treated and, except the chancel rail, the woodwork is the poorest Messrs. Taylor have yet designed, though as a rule, wood detail is one of their strong points. The one charm about the church is the east windows. Messrs. Heaton, Butter and Bayne have by it redeemed the whole building, and we only wish their noble work had found a fitter frame.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO HIM.

The mayor having returned from Egypt, the town-clerk has gone to Rome. Or rather—as the *Scotsman* would say—the town-clerk having gone to Rome, the mayor has returned from Egypt. This little "out" of the town-clerk's suggests to us a sum in rule of three which we submit to little boys and girls home for the holidays. If, as Cowper told Mr. Evelyn and Mr. Evelyn told Sir Frederic Blount, a dunce who has been sent to roam, greatly excels one who has been kept at home, how does that affect a wise man? In other words:—As a dunce who has been kept at home: a dunce who has been sent to roam:: a wise man kept at home: a wise man sent to Rome; or Sir Joseph Heron when he went away: Sir Joseph Heron when he comes back. We tremble to anticipate his wisdom. How he will bang those poor councillors about!

THE POULTRY AND DOG SHOW.

The ninth annual show of dogs and poultry at Belle Vue, if it did not equal in the number of entries, was equal, and in some cases superior, in quality to any of its predecessors. The poultry were of a very superior class, particularly the Dorkings and the black Spanish. The game fowl were also good, the bantams particularly so, but we are always sorry to see so much care and attention bestowed upon a class of fowls which are of no use. There were some very fine specimens of geese and ducks, and pigeon fanciers could feast their eyes without stint upon pouters, carriers, dragons, Jacobins, runts, fantails, tumblers, nuns, magpies, archangels, owls, and other varieties, of which there was no lack. The dogs were, on the whole, well represented. This being the hunting season, of course there were no drafts from the packs of foxhounds, harriers, and beagles, which are now busy, but the show of other sporting dogs was good. So far as appearances go, little fault could be found with the pointers and setters; but the handsomest dog may be by no means the best worker, and we should not recommend any one to buy a highly-priced show dog, unless he is accurately acquainted with his pedigree, or knows that he has an established reputation. The mastiffs were excellent, the best we have seen exhibited here. So also were the much-maligned bull-dogs; for if courage and faithfulness are qualities to be admired, these dogs possess them in an eminent degree. The bull-terriers were scarcely so good as usual. Of all dogs, this is perhaps the most useful companion to man, as he is capable of doing anything. Sir Walter Scott's old favourite Camp was a dog of this breed, and so attached was the great novelist to him that, on the day of Camp's death, his master excused himself from attending an evening party at which he had agreed to be present. The show of fox-terriers was, as usual, excellent. These handsome and hardy dogs have now attained a pitch of excellence much in advance of what they possessed a few years since. We think, however, we detect a tendency to breed them too small, a system which, some years since, nearly eradicated the old black and tan terriers for which Manchester used to be famous. This breed is now looking up again, and there were some good specimens at the show. We were disappointed with the Scotch terriers. It is rarely that one now meets with a good Scotch terrier, either of the old breed or of the Dinmont and Skye class. They are washed with yolk of egg and dog soap, and dressed and doctored like so many pampered curled darlings of children, until all individuality is lost. A good Scotch or Dinmont terrier will tackle anything from a bee to a bear, but we did not see many at Belle Vue of whom we should have expected any such courage. There were only a few of those curious dogs, the pugs, which of all ladies' pets make the best, as they are clean, quiet, and docile in a room, and don't become so ill-tempered, wheezy, and gross as the King Charles spaniels. The show of toy dogs was fully as good as any other class, but, for the same reason that we don't care for the bantams, we have no partiality for these small, yelping, snappish, and often bad-tempered curs.

SPRAYS FROM AN OLD HOLLY BUSH.

THERE was a tranquility about the Christmas time of thirty years ago which I cannot help contrasting with the more feverish Christmas of to-day. It is not simply that to-day I spend my Christmas in a large city, where the draper expresses his views of Advent by gauzy materials suitable for wear in the tropics, and the grocer by jars of preserved ginger, as if Jerusalem were in the West Indies, but even the dear old country side, of which I think as I write these lines, appears to have lost its former Christmas equilibrium, and to have bartered the old Holly Bush for a mottled Weihnachts-baum, upon which wax dolls and sugared figures seem to have been dealt with by a German Calcraft, and not to have been cut down at the proper time. The last Christmas which I spent upon the old ground was, in my view, desecrated in that way. Not that I cannot sympathize with the pleasant, kindly-hearted foreigners who have taught us to decorate our urban Christmases with gift-bearing trees and the like, but I did not fancy them at Gayreton. They gave a foreign look to everything, and I had dreadful protectionist rumblings in my breast, for which I humbly beg to apologize.

Sometimes these modern Christmas gaieties look to me as if they were forced—as if the people would say, "We must pretend to enjoy ourselves whether we do or not, for the Flixtons, next door, are doing it, and are bringing in the aged tree of last year to be mottled," the aged tree having been spending the summer in a butter-keg from Cork. Perhaps it is a sign of the approach of eld and fogeydom that I judge Christmas matters so severely. The simple feelings of thirty years ago were so very simple and so very quiet that they were like a little spring in a hedge bank, welling up without any noise, and running off without any sound or vocal trickle. They came from the outside as well as the inside, but it would be difficult to say what was their motive power. It was Christmas because it was a mark of time in the calendar—this side Christmas, the other side Christmas—pig killing at Christmas, pork pies ditto—servant changing at Christmas—holly, ivy, and mistletoe at Christmas—here's wishing you a merry Christmas—these were the things which made the Christmas atmosphere in that portion of the Midland Counties where the Trent has not long left its cradle, nor become the big boy which you see it at Newark.

I should not be a true chronicler if I said that the sacred origin of Christmas and the hallowed lessons which it should teach us, formed at all a conspicuous feature in the Christmasing at Gayreton. I should doubt very much if the villagers, though they were pretty steady church-goers, ever associated the time with memories of the Star of Bethlehem or the offerings of the wise men. Old Parson Cell was not a man to teach his parishioners the meaning of anything at all, unless it were tithes. Assuredly he never taught them that Christmas day was the anniversary of the birth of Christ, and that it should be reverenced accordingly. My impression was and is, that the prevalent notion on the minds of the bulk of Parson Cell's congregation was, that there was

roast goose for dinner, and that the farm servants had generally had toast and ale for their breakfast. It would have required a keener tutor than Parson Cell to have made the man-servants and maid-servants understand the real meaning of Christmas. At that time very few of them could read or write, and, save and except on Sundays, they never heard anything read at all. Consequently in church the reverend gentleman fired completely over their heads, even in his simplest expositions, and they went to sleep almost instantly. They looked very fresh and sweet when they were asleep, especially the maid-servants, and there was a very healthy feeling in the church if not a very pious one. The congregation had no other idea than that it was their duty to go to church, and the parson's duty to preach, and the congregation came out of church very much as it went in—except that they were all very hungry when they came out, and that the fall of man had not obliterated the capacity of the same for putting away victuals. Old Parson Cell always read the service as if he were in an ill temper, which, indeed, he very often was. He started off with "When the wicked man turneth away" in such a recriminatory fashion, that you felt that if the parson could have his way upon the wicked man, there would have been blows exchanged. Similarly in the Apostle's Creed, he began "I believe" in so very defiant a tone of voice that he gave you the idea that if the hosts of hell were encompassing the church, he would scorn to equivocate in the least. He went at racing speed through the service, and the clerk, though a feeble official in the main, had, by long practice, contrived to be well up with his leader at the end of his sentences, though occasionally he lost his breath, and was obliged to swallow a lot, as you do water when bathing. In very cold weather he had a drop too much, by which I don't mean intoxication, but a drop of water at the end of his nose, which, in the hurry of business and the absence of pocket handkerchief, he knocked off ecclesiastically with a thin collection of hymns. He had a quavering voice, and gave out the hymns as if he were sore, and the congregation sad and criminal; also as if Parson Cell might, at any moment, reach over the edge of the reading desk and fetch him what is called "a corker."

I think the church of Gayreton was the coldest church I ever was in. Even the rustics—though in rude health and to spare—used to blow into their hands, and then turn on the heat to their noses. The ivy had almost blinded the windows and kept out the sun, and, as there was only one service a week, no candles or other lights were ever used in the church, which was damp and chill and raw, and musty with the smell of old prayer books—as you may imagine. I say nothing of the quire beyond this, that it fulfilled most of the conditions of a prolonged stomach-ache, but it was conscientious and very athletic. A man who could take a sack of flour over his shoulders and hold it with one hand, may be supposed to have played the deuce with a violoncello when he began to lay on. I have frequently wondered that the youth—such a red one—who played the flageolet, did not blow all the inside out. I had an uncle, my mother's youngest brother, only four months older than I. He was a country boy also, and he came to us generally at Christmas. Being of mature years compared to myself, he used to pull faces at me when the instruments comprising the sacred music began to twang, and, considering that he had only the ordinary materials to work upon, he pulled them in such an amazing variety, that I was generally suffocated with suppressed laughter, and have been known on more than one occasion to testify to the avuncular ability by dropping off the seat to the bottom of the pew in a heap. I resented the charge that I was sinful in doing this, for I really believe I could not have helped it had the course of our first parents been different from what it was.

On Christmas day we all had goose—I mean every man in the house—and there was plenty for all. The poor servants were not told with turgid liberality that there was some very pretty picking about the back, coupled with a pile of stuffing, but they had a goose to themselves, and they were left to themselves to enjoy it. They were also allowed plenty of ale, and the cook knew the strength thereof, for she brewed it herself, and there was not a better brewer throughout the county. She was a single woman, though forty, and was looked up to by the waggoners' lads as a mother. They pawed her about under the mistletoe on Christmas Day like so many young mastiffs, and Cookey laughed thereat until the oaken ribs which formed her stays cracked like dry staves in summer. But the same awkward lads would never drag the younger maid-servants under the mistletoe, so the latter helped themselves, under the plea that it was Christmas, bless you, and the shy lads were taken in tow then as they have long ago been since by lovely woman, coming out of the towing with abundant blushes and very much ashamed. I was only about ten years old then, and I used to be sent into the kitchen with a mince pie for each servant, also an orange for each, and the girls always would take me under the kissing bunch, and I let them do it like a brick, and they smelt most awfully of seasoning, oranges, and beer. Then I mounted on the back of Jim, the cowman, a healthy young man of twenty-two, and we chased the others, including the girls, round the kitchen. It has struck me since, upon contemplating those times, that this was a device of Jim to run at the girls with me on his back when he durst not do it on his own hook. That red Bucephalus looked very mild and soft when he came up to one of them, and seemed very much pleased when he had to resist her pulling me off. I think, too, that the hunted fawn was rather longer in trying to get me off than she would have been had curly Jim not been the war-horse. Well, well, it has been ever so. Young blood and blithe youth—animals first, philosophers by and bye. If I vote with the first they will say I am a beast; if I vote with the last they will say that I am a sage, but then I dislike compliments.

CHETHAM'S HOSPITAL AND THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

A FITTING and not ungraceful corollary to our recent biographical sketch of Humphrey Chetham—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—seems to offer itself in an enquiry into the present condition and practical working of the noble charity he bequeathed to the city. We think we shall be able to show that such an enquiry is needed.

An instant's reflection at once calls to mind the total and ungrateful indifference of Manchester to all that concerns the Chetham Hospital. Its only attitude towards it is one of irritating sentimentality, or the most careless and transitory pride. "Fine old specimen of antique Manchester," is the remark to a casual stranger. "Grand old arched doorways; baronial rooms; quasi-Bodleian library, full of venerable and costly tomes; old oak, old pictures; odour of mediævalism clinging to it; a lot of orphans fed up in the way they should grow, and costumed in the first fashion of the middle ages. You must not miss seeing it." So they tell him, and hurry off without further concern about their business affairs, with perhaps the observation, what a fortune in building sites lies fallow in the playground. In the eyes of the whole town it is an unregarded monumental fragment of the past, a piece of petrified history, an archæological curiosity, in a fine state of preservation. But Humphrey Chetham never meant his charity to be regarded as a historical fossil, the "omphalos" of local tradition, and the focus of sentimental feelings. His purpose was intensely and pre-eminently practical. His scheme, conveyed in his last will and testament, is that of a shrewd, cautious, forecasting business man, who, had he lived to-day, would have matched the keenest merchant on the Rialto. The funds he bequeathed and the revenues thence derived were "to be employed in for and about the relief, maintenance, education, bringing up, and binding apprentice, or other preferment, of so many and such poor boys or male children," as he set forth. He also bluntly states that any surplusage is to be devoted to the augmentation of their number. It is in the practical business-like spirit of the founder that, abjuring all sentimentality, we ask the plain question—What is the present condition and working of the charity?

The answer to this question—simple as it is and to whomsoever put—is a blank stare of astonishment. No one in Manchester seems to have the remotest conception of the internal economy of the hospital, or any means of informing himself of it. Beyond the fact that in 218 years the number of boys has, by successive stages, risen from 40 to 100—and be it remembered that the value of money has increased far more than two-and-a-half times in that period—nothing is known even by professed local historians, far less the general public. Stay. The goodness of the hospital port is famous, that has oozed out, as well as the sumptuousness of the trustees' dinners. Not one of our restless democratic spirits has turned his inquisitive microscope on this richest of charities. The very names of the governors, *i.e.*, trustees, are as great a mystery as were those of the Vehm-gericht, or are now those of Irish

agrarian murderers. Directories, almanacs and calendars, in all other cases profuse of detail, do not contain them. The only list we have been able to meet with, is one in Baines' *Lancashire*, Harland's edition, 1867. Among the names may be found those of the late Earl of Derby, Lord Egerton of Tatton, Mr. Hibbert, M.P., Mr. A. Egerton, M.P., Mr. Hugh Birley, M.P., the Dean (Dr. Bowers), and five other clergymen, besides various great county and city "esqs." That so honourable and dignified a roll of gentlemen should have so struggled to be anonymous, and have so successfully perpetuated a policy of reserve, is most unaccountable. The same volume mentions that they elect in—"co-optate"—a colleague as soon as a vacancy occurs, instead of waiting, as originally directed, until their number is reduced to twelve. A darkness even more profound prevails as regards the revenues and expenditure. Except when the Charity Commissioners, forty-four years ago, came armed with the powers of the law, and wrung a statement from the board, it has kept all particulars religiously locked within its breast. Enquiries are treated with contemptuous indifference, and the finger of scorn snapt at any attempt to glean information. Baines' *Lancashire*, Harland's edition, gives a balance sheet of the Cathedral expenses, enlarges on the sources of revenue at the Grammar School, and tabulates the revenues of every other charity in the district down to the most trifling, but not a figure, not even the mere sum total of revenue, does it supply in its account of the Hospital. A more striking instance still of the trustees' policy of silence is this. By the provisions of the Act for the better Administration of Charitable Trusts, every charity is bound to send every year to the clerk of the nearest County Court a clear statement of the full and true accounts of money received and paid, which statement is to be open to the inspection of all persons on payment of one shilling. No such account has ever been filed by the Chetham Hospital trustees at the Manchester County Court.

But although we are unable to predicate anything of the present condition and practical working of the charity in any detailed form, by great exertion and great good-fortune a few facts have been scraped together from odd corners. In the seventeenth report of the Public Schools Enquiry Commission, published this year, we glean that the annual revenue is £3,073, and that of this sum £103 only is yearly devoted to "educational purposes," and £1,740 "to other benefit of the scholars." Further information was refused to the commission, so that they were treated but a shade better than the Manchester public. But that on the education of 100 boys but £103 a year is expended, or about £1 a head—less than is expended in any national school—is a fact of ominous significance. An advertisement for a schoolmaster for the hospital, salary £80 a year, with board and lodging, tells us that the school is not under government inspection, but that the governors have decided to make application to have it inspected. A very late time of day, surely, Mr. Hibbert? From the Blue Book quoted above we learn that on 40 similar pupils in the Warrington Blue Coat School—24 boys, 16 girls—£200 is annually spent, or £5 a head. At the Grammar School here, the rate is just £10. 10s. 5d. per head. On this head we assume that some information ought to be given, especially if it is remembered that Humphrey Chetham distinctly stated in his will that the boys, besides being "well and sufficiently maintained and kept with meat, drink, lodging, and apparel," were also to be "educated and brought up to *learning* or labour." This sum of £103 is just what used, forty years ago, to be the yearly average amount paid for malt and hops. As the annual revenue is £3,073, the gross yearly cost of each boy must be assumed—until we know otherwise—to be £30 or so. Henshaw's Blue Coat School, Oldham, with a revenue of £2,187, also maintains, clothes, and educates 100 boys. The gross annual cost of each of these will be about £21. 17s. 5d. per head per annum. Further information this school also refuses to the Education Commission. But any one in Oldham will narrate the excellency of the annual feasts, and how invitations to them are run after. Warrington Blue Coat School is more courteous. It spends annually £200 on its 40 inmates, or £5 a head; possesses three teachers, but is not under government inspection. The sooner it is the better.

If, then, it be correct that, on the education and other benefit of the boys at Chetham's Hospital, £1,843 only is expended, the question arises—what becomes of the remaining £1,230? Although we have no data, no accounts, no information of any kind of recent date, yet, in the pages of Whatton, historian of the Manchester Foundations, published a few years after the appearance of the report of the Charity Commissioners of 1826, are to be found detailed accounts of revenues and expenses. These we have a perfect right, and shall certainly proceed to use, in default of later and more satisfactory statements. The number of the boys was then 80. In 1824, the expenditure was £2,916. 16s. 0d.; in 1825, £2,758. The yearly average for governors' dinners was £29. 2s. 8d. The expenditure on wine from 1800 to 1825 was £454. 4s., £133 of this being expended in the famous port year, 1804. If this has been the rate until now, something like £3,310 must have been expended in wine and governors' dinners since 1800—enough, if husbanded, to have built a new school for the boys—a want, we understand, sadly felt—enough to have clothed and educated a goodly number of orphans. For malt and hops, the average for three years—1823-5—was £103. 16s. 11d., and for milk and butter £99. 3s. 11d. a year. Forty-four years ago, trustees seem to have believed, like Cobbett, in beer as the grand national beverage. We shall be curious to know whether 100 boys of our degenerate days consume more "malt and hops" than 80 of the more primæval period.

Of the Library we have said little, not because there is nothing to say, but because there is too much, and we must reserve the subject to a future opportunity. As to the Hospital, one wonders what the worshipful sheriff, the stickler for legal forms, Humphrey Chetham, would have thought about its present condition and mode of management. How, moreover, ought the public to act in the matter? It appears to us that the time has arrived for a change, and that the public, for whose benefit the hospital was bequeathed, ought, by the action or voice of their representatives in the City Council, to have some part in the administration of so wealthy a charity. The operation of the Endowed Schools Act may bring this change about, and it cannot come a moment too soon.

From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step. Less than that is there between the sublimely inaccessible reserve of the "College" and the ridiculously easy means of investigation into the affairs of the Grammar School. The former frowns off enquiries: the latter, by its very appearance, its shame-faced aspect, and suspicious vicinity, seems to call for them. For thirty-five years the publicity of all connected with it has been in direct contrast to the secresy maintained by the neighbouring "pile." Previous to the last Chancery settlement—the third in thirty-five years—no fee had been paid by any boy except the entrance shilling. The school till then was virtually free. Since 1867, however, the capitation system has been at work, with what results has been already described in the *Sphinx*. To the account which we gave of the experiment in June last we have only to add that there are now 130 who avail themselves, by payment of £12. 12s. a year, of the privileges of the free boys, and that Mr. Angell, late head-master of the Mechanics' Institute School, has joined the staff of the Grammar School, as Physical Science Master, in addition to Dr. M. Watts.

The Education Commissioners devote no less than sixty-one pages to this School in their various volumes. The assistant commissioner, Mr. Bryce's report, in vol. xvii., is most copious and searchingly critical, dealing praise and blame very impartially. Most of his suggestions, however, chimed in with the intentions of the trustees, and have for some time been carried into effect, *e.g.*, the teaching of German and physical science, the equality of the stress on mathematics and classics, the building of a gymnasium, and the augmentation of the master's salaries. These, except in one or two instances, have been "levelled up" to a minimum of £200 a year, and we earnestly hope that the trustees will soon be enabled to consider the one or two exceptions also. The balance-sheet of accounts for 1868 is printed here, as well as in all the newpapers. The income is £2,500 a year net, with £1,400 added from the capitation fees. On each boy, therefore, will be expended about £10. 10s. so that there is a merely nominal profit made out of those who pay. The New School is fast rising up, and promises to be a fine building. It adjoins the old English school, which will be dwarfed beside it. It will contain a large lecture hall and dining rooms, beside considerable tutorial accommodation. It is a matter of regret with many that it is building in the same old bad vicinity—which, by the way, is already half swept away, and soon will be civilized off the face of nature by the regenerating warehouses. That, however, is the fault of Manchester. Without waiting for impossibilities, the trustees themselves subscribed £10,000, and began on the available site. A further

sum of £5,000 or so will be necessary. Nothing will give us greater pleasure than to be able to report that a cheque for that sum has been quietly left at the District Bank to the school account.

Mr. Bryce expresses his surprise at the smallness of the numbers of the boys at a school like this, and contrasts it with the 800 or 900 who crowd a similar institution at Liverpool. We may add the High Schools at Glasgow and Edinburgh. But education in Manchester is, as a rule, lamentably neglected. From threepence to sixpence a week expended until a boy is thirteen, seems the limit of ambition. There are hardly any schools here higher than the mere National School. It can only be hoped that the grade system will, when the Grammar School is a First Grade, cause a determination of plenty of scholars to it as to a head. The school is at present just emerging from its old shell, and has various faults incident to a transitionary state. Many of the classes are too large for a master to wield. The election of free boys and admission of capitationers occurring at different times, cause no little confusion in the way of rearrangement. A more systematic graduation of the work through all the forms, so that each should blend and dovetail into the next higher, might be advantageously effected.

On looking back for fifty or a hundred years, it cannot fail to strike any one what a vast amount of expense and litigation might have been saved to this school, had the public or the City Council had any voice in its administration. That the time has not only come for a remodelling of the trusteeship of the two schools, but that the genius of our modern age demands it, the passing of the Endowed School bill and the growth of opinion in the House of Commons plainly prove. The scheme best suited to the interests of all seems to us to be this—that *one* board of thirty trustees manage the two foundations conjointly, of which board ten of the members might be elected—"co-optated"—by the Hospital as at present, other ten by the Grammar School, and the remaining ten be nominated by the City Council—all the trustees, of course, to be for life. The contiguity of the two schools, the time and labour that might be saved to the trustees themselves, the simplicity of action that would thereby be gained, and the eye the public would have on it through their representatives, recommend such a plan most strikingly. We know that the duties of a councillor are arduous in the extreme. With the multitudinous committees on which they have to serve, it would be overburdening the willing horse to propose to augment the public duties which they perform. We merely suggest that they should nominate ten out of thirty life-trustees. It would at least be a fitting compliment to a distinguished man retiring from public life, to nominate him to a trusteeship of this sort.

JUDGE AND JURY.

AT the Liverpool Assizes has occurred one of those "scenes" which are so derogatory to the dignity of the bench, but which appear to break out periodically in our courts of law. The very meagre and one-sided accounts of the exhibition, which most of the newspapers have published, do not convey any just idea of its length, intensity, and unseemliness. It was called by the papers "extraordinary conduct of a juryman." The papers would have shown more judgment and more courage if they had styled the paragraph, "extraordinary conduct of a judge." By what we are about to say we are aware that we lay ourselves open to an indictment as a wicked and ill-disposed person, for wickedly and maliciously contriving and intending to bring the administration of justice in this kingdom into contempt, and to scandalize and vilify one of the barons of the Exchequer of our lady the Queen, against the peace of our said lady the Queen, her crown, and dignity. But our indignation is stronger than our apprehension, and we deem it a duty to protest against the tyrannical manner in which that acute and experienced but hot-headed and impetuous judge, Sir Samuel Martin, for full a quarter of an hour, bullied a gentleman of the jury who was scrupulous enough to have a conscientious conviction, brave enough to announce it, and firm enough to stand by it in the teeth of the judge's vehement invective.

The facts of the case were these: Mr. Baron Martin ordered the jury to find a certain prisoner guilty of bigamy. We may remark that there was no doubt about the prisoner's guilt; but there were in the case matters of fact as well as matters of law, and, in consideration of these matters of fact, the jury had a distinct right to give whatever verdict it might deem just, irrespective of any advice, direction, or, as in this case, command from the bench. Notwithstanding Mr. Baron Martin's order, to the learned judge's intense and obvious astonishment, the jury took the liberty of consulting together as to their verdict. Interrupted in their colloquy by an angry exclamation hurled at them from beneath the puckered brows and glaring eyes of Sir Samuel's usually dapper and good-humoured face, a Mr. Bardswell stood up, and very honourably and courageously explained that he could not find the prisoner guilty, because the indictment contained the word, "feloniously," and he did not consider that the prisoner had married the second woman "feloniously." At this the learned baron boiled over; the idea of a man having a conscientious objection to finding a prisoner guilty of any crime with which he might be charged appeared to be too much for him. It was the last drop to the cup of his impatience, and he overflowed. This, added to his previous irritation was the white of the seidlitz powder added to the blue—and he effervesced. Instead of thanking the juryman for his scrupulous discharge of his irksome duty, and courteously explaining to him that anyone who contracts a second marriage within the lifetime of a wife of his, and within a less space than seven years from last hearing of her—which was the case—is by law guilty of a felony, and that the degree of his moral guilt is matter for the consideration of the judge in passing sentence, and not of the jury in giving the verdict—a course of conduct which Mr. Justice Willes would most politely and painstakingly have pursued—Mr. Baron Martin violently told the juror he was setting himself up against the law, gruffly read him the act of parliament, and on the gentleman's persistence in his conscientious scruple, stormed at him in style that would not be believed if we reported it, vowed most unjustly and indeed absurdly that he was violating his oath—when regard for his oath was the very occasion of his cruel treatment—and ultimately expelled him from the jury-box. The insulting manner in which all this was done is not to be described.

We cannot refrain from saying that we think it monstrous that a juror should be subjected to such vituperation and offensive treatment. Our indignation is heightened when we reflect that the perpetrator of so great an enormity is a judge of the superior courts, and not a clerical county magistrate. Moreover, we should not correctly lay the case before our readers if we did not remark that the whole occurrence is attributable to Sir Samuel Martin's distribution—sometimes with his own learned and judicial hands—of calendars amongst the jurors: thereby telling them what other unproved charges there may be against the prisoners—the very proceeding for which Mr. Justice Willes severely censured a young barrister at our own late assizes. Had this ill-used juror had no calendar, in all probability he would not have been puzzled by that stupid word "feloniously" in the indictment; and when we consider the ridiculous language in which indictments indulge, and the preposterous particularity with which the law often regards the merest verbiage, the conduct of the juryman is not to be considered even dull. It may well be that a person unused to the absurdities of law should be unable in a moment to perceive the inconsequence of an unnecessary and silly word in an indictment. And when the excitement of a conscientious qualm, the necessity of immediate and conspicuous action in a crowded court, and the virulent invective of an overbearing judge are taken into account, the misconception of the juror is not to be wondered at. Not even when he was expelled the box was he released from insult. For the next ten minutes Mr. Baron Martin kept interspersing all he had to say with remarks about "a man apparently not more than twenty-five" presuming to set himself up against the law. What the age of the juryman had to do with the matter we fail to perceive. If he was competent to serve on a jury—as Mr. Baron Martin's omniscient and infallible law declares he was—he was competent to think for himself even in opposition to that intelligent institution. Ordinary persons have at five years of age—let alone twenty-five—sufficient brains to perceive that the law of England has a good deal of the ass about it. Not until a person becomes "sufficiently learned to have lost his common sense," as a legal writer puts it, does he tremble to think differently from the law of England. Sir Samuel Martin is too sound a judge to be suspected of the loss of that uncommon gift of nature; and therefore it is the more surprising to find him treating with contempt the idea of any one thinking himself wiser than that law. All we can say is, we pity the head that is not a great deal wiser than a great deal of the law: and if it is, we don't see why he shouldn't think so.

Altogether, the learned baron made an exhibition of his impetuosity which had been better spared. Although in the eyes of official flunkies and toadying newspapers he may have succeeded in degrading Mr. Bardswell, in the estimation of intelligent people he came much the worse off in the encounter. A trumpery technicality is to a conscientious scruple as the rattle of a tea-tray to the artillery of heaven. In this age, when oaths are treated like pie-crust, it is especially painful to see honour insulted; but in any age, it were intolerable by those who believe in the virtue of truth and the liberty of conscience, to have fidelity to duty ridiculed and contemned by one of those highest authorities in the land whose special function it is to punish a dereliction from it.

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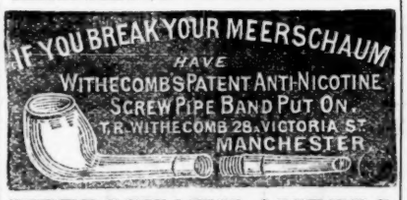

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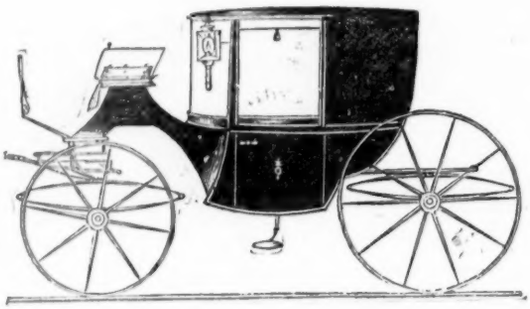

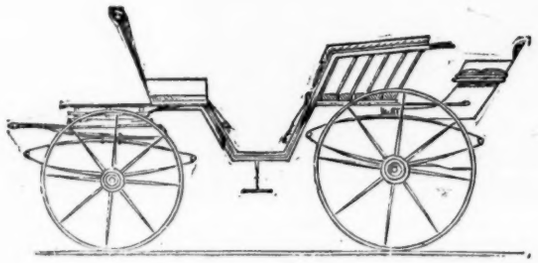

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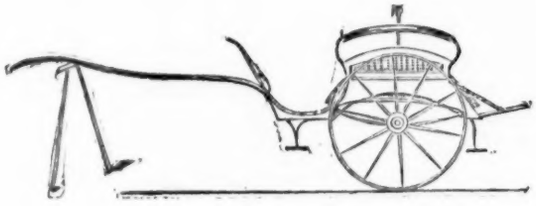

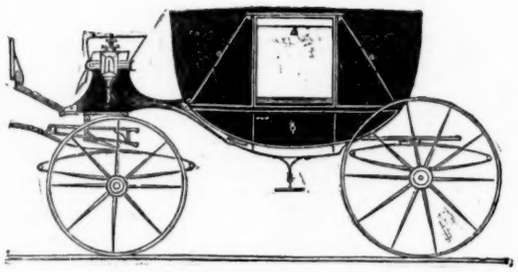

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THE ARGUMENT.

ONCE upponne a tyme, a certayne Kynge—Djol-I-Sopht by name—governeyed oveyre a kyngdome, ye wyche was playced farre dystante inne ye Easteyrn Hemysferre—soe farre Easte inne trothe, yt ye Sunne hadde hardlye roome to ryse betwixte itte & ye skye (hence we gette ye merrye conceyte of "Skye Hyghe'). Ye sayde Kynge, Djol-I-Sopht, was blessed wyth a ryghte fayre daughterre, ye whome hee soughte to gyve in mayridge, butte ye sayde Kynge was lykewyse blessed (though somme saye notte) wythe a Quyne, whoe neveyre sade hym fayre, butte crossed hym in alle thinges & woulde hayve noe swayne of hys choosinge, norre for ye mattayre of yt of herre daughterre's. Now theyre was a certayne Froggee, whoe woulde a wooinge goe, whoe inne conceyrte wythe a certayne wyckede Djinn or Geni—Al Kohol bye nayme—determyned to becomme a Toadyee & soe flattayre ye vayne olde spouse of Kynge Djol-I-Sopht; wyche eke hee dydde bye mystaykinge herre fore ye mayden Pryncesse. Ye cunnynge plotte was to gette ye mayden for ye Froggee, to ye dispayragemente of all ye otheyres. Ye cleveyre hystorian who gyves ye legende sayes: Yt inne those dayes theyre was a faymouse fountayne ye wyche mayde ye olde & rynkelled to becomme smoothen of fayce & ryghte wynsomme agayne. Now ye vayne olde Quyne havynge alle thys tolden untoe herre—mayde it to bee knowne, yt whosoeveyre shoulde brynge a flaske of thys cunnynge waterrie, shoulde hayve herre daughterre for wyffe. Froggee havyng gotten ye strayghte typpe fromme Al Kohol, offeyres to lede ye courte to ye fountayne—ye wych ys farre dystante beyonde ye lande of Sweets and Comfyts & ye lande of Djind and Bitters. Now ye Pryncesse—Zu-zu, by nayme—has plyghted herre trothe to a certayne Prynce Agib, whoe loveth herre deerely inne returne. A goode Peri, Namoune bye name, whoe has greate contente inne thys lore, gyves a strayghter typpe to Agib, ye whych enables hym to passe quyckly on hys waye to ye fountayne. All thys tyme Djol-I-Sopht, hys Quyne and Courte are trayvelinge inne searchye of ye waterre; butte fyrst theye lyngerre with Kynge Lollipop in ye lande of Sweets and Comfyts. Eke theye fynde theyreselleves inne ye wrongge boxe ye wyche may bee seene inne ye mysterye as enacted. Zu-zu, onelye of all ye partye, obtaynes escaype fromme enchauntement, at ye handys of Al Kohol whoe strayghteway doth brynge herre to ye lande of ye Frogges, yt shee maye bee wyffed to hys frynde, Kynge Froggee. Butte bothe Al Kohol & Kynge Froggee doe reckonne theyre chickene beforre itte bee hatcheyed—for Agib havynge founden ye magyck waterre, passeth bye waye of ye lande of ye froggees, and fyndes hys fayre mystresse learning fromme ye Froggees ye game of Croakee, ye wyche notte be lykinge her mache at yt time, has never ye lesse gotten to bee a ryghte merrye pass-tyme inne these dayes. Ye hystorian doth yere garnish hys legende wyth a ryghte merrye passage of armes after ye style of ye "Boye his Owne Booke," & inne ye sayde passage Froggee goeth strayghtway to ye Badde at ye hands of Agib, & as ye chronycle telleth—"A Lille Whyte Ducke comes and gobbles hym uppe." Agib has straightwaye power gyven untoe hym to dysenchaunte the remaynder of Kynge Djol-I-Sopht's Courte. Alle now endys happylye & ye vayne olde Quyne doth gyve herre wyllinge consentye to ye marrydge of Agib wythe Zu-zu.

CHARACTERS.

Djol-I-Sopht....*(A King of the Period)*.....Mr. EDMONDS
Prince Agib, Prince Selim, Prince Hassam } *Suitors for the hand of the Princess Zu-zu* { Miss LILLY HARRIS, Miss FANNY BROUGH, Miss NEILSON
Roley the First .....*(King of Frogland)*....Mr. WAINWRIGHT
Loll-i-Pop *(King of the Land of Sweets and Comfits)*.....Mr. FORSYTH
Lord Al Ber Troc, Lord Schoo Gar Kaudi } *his Courtiers* { Mr. SMITH, Mr. STEPHENSON

Djello...*(in attendance on King Loll-i-Pop)*.....Mr. PEDLEY
Al Kohol.....*(a very bad spirit, called in the Eastern language Djinn)*.....Mr. BRACEWELL
The Queen Schezatarta..*(the considerably better half of King Djol-I-Sopht)*.....Mr. GEORGE LEITCH
Zu-zu...*("her one fair daughter," with a weakness for Agib)*.....Miss ANGELINA CLAUDE
Namoune...*(a Peri, watching over Zu-zu)*.....Miss A. BALDWIN
Zelma..*(another Peri, doing very much the same)*.SENORINA A. TARELLI

Clown - - Mr. CHARLES LECLERCQ.
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